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[For the American Art Journal.]

## D E A D.

"Is he dead?" one softly whispered,  
That they breathe his name so low,  
The little boy, with a wistful face,  
That I saw here long ago.  
The little boy, with the dreamy eyes,  
Whose thoughts seemed far away,  
As he wearily joined in the noisy sports  
Of his ruder brothers' play.

There were seven in all, I remember,  
Healthy and happy and free,  
Six were but gladsome children,  
And nothing that evening to me:  
Some may have toiled to fortune,  
Some carved a way to fame,  
I kept but the little boy's memory,  
And treasured alone his name.

Through the years that I wearily wandered,  
There seemed in my heart one place,  
Made nearer and fitter for Heaven,  
By the light of that little one's face,  
Through the years that I wearily wandered,  
In many a far off land,  
I have sometimes started, and fancied I felt  
The clasp of that childish hand.

I have seen him, too, in my fancy,  
Stand—as he stood that night,  
With the face that seemed like music,  
Raised in the dying light  
Of the quiet August evening,  
With tender lips apart,  
Craving, I vaguely thought them,  
The love of some human heart.

For the little boy seemed like a stranger,  
Lost in that merry throng;  
An alien, who strove in a stranger's land,  
To sing, with sad lips, the Lord's song!  
And I pray that his Father, in pity,  
Soon counted his life-task all done,  
The others were strong for their journey,  
But he must have drooped in the sun.

Did you lay him where snow-drops were spring-  
ing?

Where violets soft as his eyes,  
Around him all matted and clinging,  
Flung perfume to clear April skies?  
Did the birds that he loved, softly mourn him?  
The clouds that he watched, gently shed  
Tender tears o'er the little boy's grave,  
The still little boy, who is dead?

"Dead!" then they mournfully whispered,  
Nay, would to God it were so!  
Would that the flowers had blossomed,  
Over his breast long ago!  
Six little graves in the church-yard,  
Whisper how some have gone home,  
Tears never toll, as they're falling  
For him who is still left to roam!

Six safely wait us in Heaven—  
But the boy, that you loved, he is gone.  
Of the dead, we still say they are living!  
For the living, we hopelessly mourn!

Then the heart that had loved him grew weary,  
Yet the lips whispered still, "He is dead!  
And God in his mercy—He only,  
Must judge who lives in his stead!"  
May 4th, 1867.

## LADIES SPRING FASHIONS.

The innovations introduced into fashion during the past year have been so daring, that few looked upon them as permanent. They have gradually crept into popular favor, however, and in a few short months created a perfect and entire revolution in the prominent characteristics of ladies' toilets.

The wide hoops have been swept away, as we believe, for ever. The trailing, promenadeskirts, that swept the streets, have also disappeared, and in place of these we have the scantiest sort of drapery for the drawing-room, and in the street sensible short dresses, which clear the pavement, and are made pretty and picturesque enough to satisfy the most fastidious lovers of the artiste.

The length of the short dresses is just that of the Balmoral skirt formerly worn, or rather the petticoat which form the lower part, is just that length, the dress skirt proper is six inches shorter than this, and may or may not be fastened down upon the petticoat, which is frequently only stimulated by a band.

The prettiest short dresses are made *en suite*, uniform, or in two colors only.

The complete suits of one color only, are very neat and lady-like; but the combination of two colors gives room for a greater display of fancy, and is suitable for young ladies whose privilege it is to be "charming."

When the suit is made in two colors, the petticoat and jacket are generally alike, and in the contrasting color; or a still more striking method is to make the short dress skirt and a sleeveless jacket in the dark material, and the petticoat, or band simulating it, and long sleeves, in the bright color, handsomely embroidered in designs in relief with the aid a Sewing Machine. These designs are varied. Sometimes it is a leaf-like border; others represent tabs or barbs, with rounded or pointed ends.

Purple and black go well together in this way, or green and brown, or gray and scarlet, or blue and black; but remember, that one of the shades must always be neutral, it would never do to put two positive colors together.

Although short dresses have only been in existence for a very brief space, they have already developed great taste and ingenuity in their varied designs. Some are cut out in large sharp "dents," in each of which some pretty simple pattern is embroidered.

The latest style of Spring sac, or jacket, called the "Breton," is wholly ornamented with embroidery, with perhaps a little filling in of white opaque beads, or "white-jet," as it is called abroad. The designs most in vogue are the shield and the scalpulary, and these are usually wrought upon the back, and sometimes repeated upon the pockets in a smaller size.

Almost all styles are worn, but embroidery is decidedly the most fashionable. The trimmings used, apart from embroidery, are headings of jet, flat braids worked with jet, narrow alpaca braids stitched on, and fancy gimps.

A very fashionable street toilet is a short dress

of black silk, cut with a low bodice all in one. A high body and band or flat pleating, simulating a petticoat of dark blue silk. Coat sleeves of blue silk, and open ones of black, belonging to a short sack, which reveal the blue beneath.

It is hardly necessary to say, that the sac, or jacket, intended to complete a suit, must be cut out upon the edge, or left straight, to match the short skirt.

Basquines have been almost altogether replaced by short loose sacs, not so loose or large as the sacques formerly worn, but adapted to the present restrictive tendency of the toilets, and especially to the short dresses, which absolutely forbid a large or flowing outside garment.

For ordinary wear, they are made in beautiful fancy tweeds, inexpensive, but fine, soft, and durable in color, trimmed with very narrow braids, and bands stitched on and edged with a fringe on the shoulders, which falls on the top of the sleeves.

## HARRY SANDERSON IN LONDON.

Mr. Harry Sanderson, who was so universally popular in this country, and possessed such hosts of friends, has just given his first concert in London. The following notice, from the *London Orchestra*, will give some idea of his success. The writer recognizes the specialties of his style and gives him bold and positive praise. Such an opinion, from such a source, warrants us in believing that our American, self-taught pianist has yet a European career before him:

On Wednesday evening Mr. Harry Sanderson gave his first concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, in the presence of a very fashionable audience. The great attraction of the evening was the appearance of the pianist, who has excited great enthusiasm in America, and who had caused no little astonishment by his pianoforte performance at Mellon's Concerts, some time ago. Mr. Sanderson certainly comes before the public with claims of a very different character from those of most pianoforte players. He is a self-taught artist, and aims chiefly at the rendering of orchestral music. His rapid and clear playing of octaves we have never heard equalled; indeed there is possibly not one of our present public players who would attempt what he does with such apparent facility. His first piece was a fantasia on "Rigoletto," commencing with the quartet, "Un di si ben," in which his peculiar powers were at once displayed. Two of his own compositions, a "Lullaby," and a "Study in Octaves," were also in the first part; the "Lullaby" had a very elegant melody, with a piquant accompaniment, and was beautifully played; the "Study" was a most astounding *tour de force*. In the second part he played the overture to "Semiramide," arranged by himself; in this arrangement his own powers were more studied than a reproduction of the orchestral effects. To us the piece was less satisfactory than those of his own composition, and moreover the abbreviation of the overture was hardly desirable. On the whole, Mr. Sanderson's performance was very extraordinary, and quite beyond the powers of most players; at the same time many of the difficulties which he has overcome are hardly appreciated by the general public, and can only expect praise from the practiced musician, who will grudge any great merits to feats which he can neither rival nor imitate.